

# GRIMM TALES MADE GAY BY GUY WETMORE CARRYL



With GAY PICTURES  
BY ALBERT LEVERING



















*This shows the sword that Blue-Beard used full sore,  
After he'd led his young wife to a-door.*



# CRIMM TALES MADE GAY

By GUY WETMORE CARRYL  
AUTHOR OF

THIS..... AND MANY... OTHER..... THINGS!

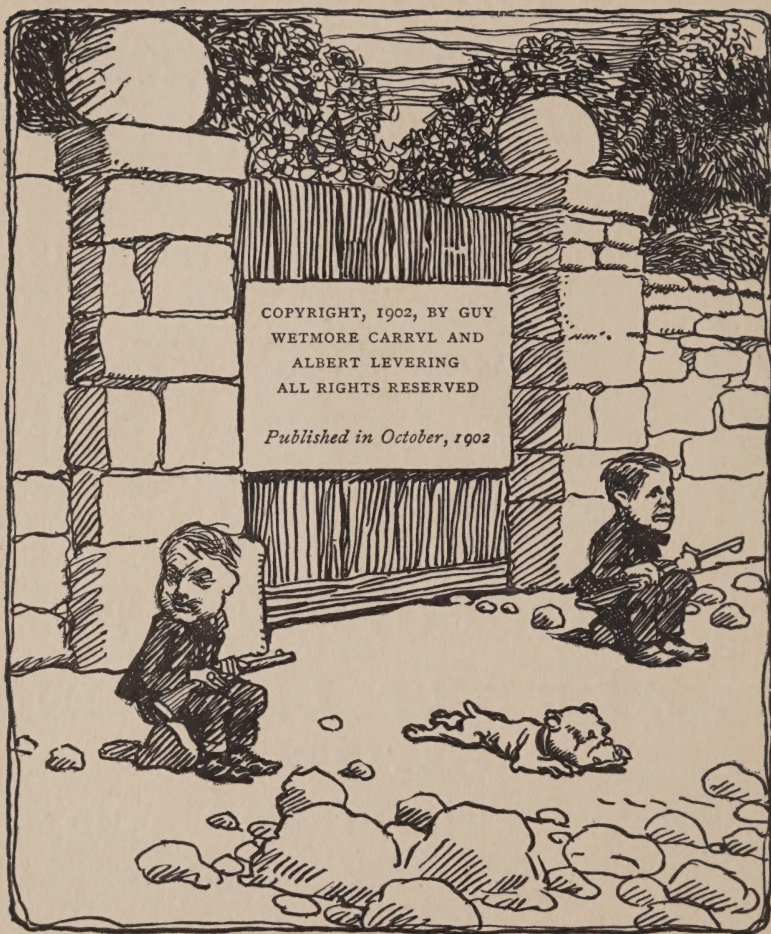


PICTURES BY  
ALBERT LEVERING  
ARTIST OF

THAT THE OTHER AND THIS



BOSTON & NEWYORK  
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co,





TO  
CHARLES  
WALTON  
OGDEN







### NOTE

*I have pleasure in acknowledging the courteous permission of the editors to reprint in this form such of these verses as were originally published in Harper's Magazine, The Century, Life, The Smart Set, The Saturday Evening Post, The Home Magazine, and the London Tatler.*

G. W. C.







# The Contents

HOW THE BABES IN THE WOOD SHOWED THEY COULDN'T BE  
BEATEN

HOW FAIR CINDERELLA DISPOSED OF HER SHOE

HOW LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD CAME TO BE EATEN

HOW THE FATUOUS WISH OF A PEASANT CAME TRUE

HOW HOP O' MY THUMB GOT RID OF AN ONUS

HOW THE HELPMATE OF BLUE-BEARD MADE FREE WITH A  
DOOR

HOW RUMPLESTILZ HELD OUT IN VAIN FOR A BONUS

HOW JACK MADE THE GIANTS UNCOMMONLY SORE

HOW RUDENESS AND KINDNESS WERE JUSTLY REWARDED

HOW BEAUTY CONTRIVED TO GET SQUARE WITH THE BEAST

HOW A FAIR ONE NO HOPE TO HIS HIGHNESS ACCORDED

HOW THOMAS A MAID FROM A DRAGON RELEASED

HOW A BEAUTY WAS WAKED AND HER SUITOR WAS SUITED

HOW JACK FOUND THAT BEANS MAY GO BACK ON A CHAP

HOW A CAT WAS ANNOYED AND A POET WAS BOOTED

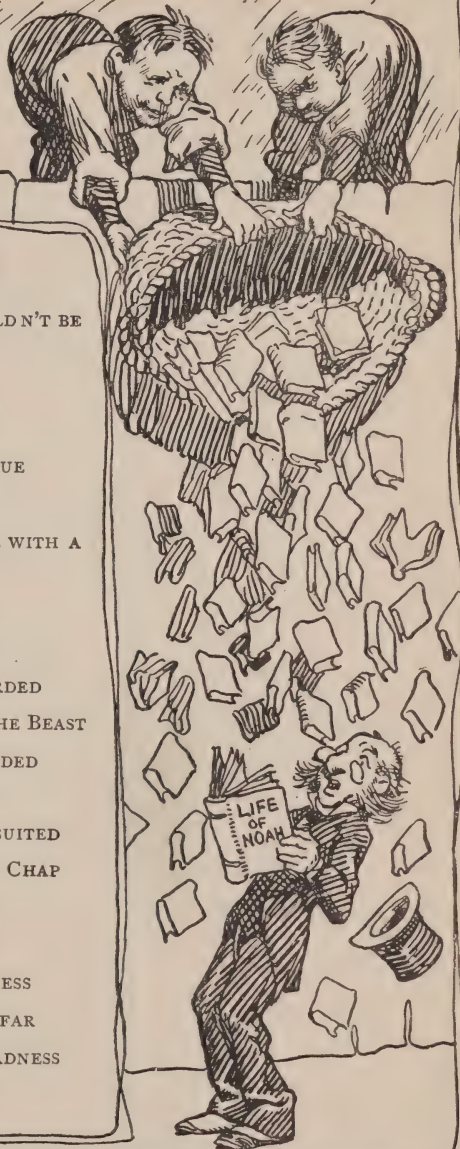
HOW MUCH FORTUNATUS COULD DO WITH A CAP

HOW A PRINCESS WAS WOODED FROM HABITUAL SADNESS

HOW A GIRL WAS TOO RECKLESS OF GRAMMAR BY FAR

HOW THE PEACEFUL ALADDIN GAVE WAY TO HIS MADNESS

HOW A FISHERMAN CORKED UP HIS FOE IN A JAR





*Grimm Tales Made Gay*





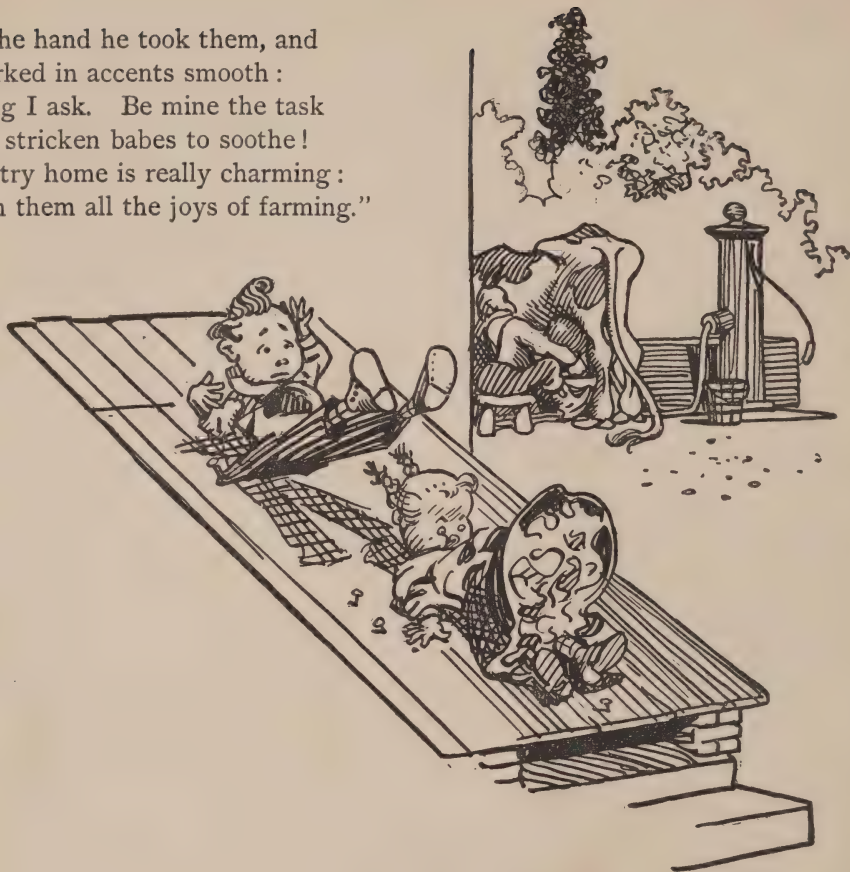
*How the Babes in the Wood  
Showed They Couldn't be  
Beaten*



A man of kind and noble mind  
Was H. Gustavus Hyde.  
'T would be amiss to add to this  
At present, for he died,  
In full possession of his senses,  
The day before my tale commences.

One half his gold his four-year-old  
Son Paul was known to win,  
And Beatrix, whose age was six,  
For all the rest came in,  
Perceiving which, their Uncle Ben did  
A thing that people said was splendid.

For by the hand he took them, and  
 Remarked in accents smooth :  
 "One thing I ask. Be mine the task  
 These stricken babes to soothe !  
 My country home is really charming :  
 I'll teach them all the joys of farming."



One halcyon week they fished his creek,  
 And watched him do the chores,  
 In haylofts hid, and, shouting, slid  
 Down sloping cellar doors :—  
 Because this life to bliss was equal  
 The more distressing is the sequel.



Concealing guile beneath a smile,  
He took them to a wood,  
And, with severe and most austere  
Injunctions to be good,  
He left them seated on a gateway,  
And took his own departure straightway.



Though much afraid, the children stayed  
From ten till nearly eight ;  
At times they wept, at times they slept,  
But never left the gate :  
Until the swift suspicion crossed them  
That Uncle Benjamin had lost them.



Then, quite unnerved, young Paul observed :

“It’s like a dreadful dream,  
And Uncle Ben has fallen ten  
Per cent. in my esteem.  
Not only did he first usurp us,  
But now he’s left us here on purpose !”

\* \* \* \* \*

For countless years their childish fears  
Have made the reader pale,  
For countless years the public’s tears  
Have started at the tale,  
For countless years much detestation  
Has been expressed for their relation.

So draw a veil across the dale  
Where stood that ghastly gate.  
No need to tell. You know full well  
What was their touching fate,  
And how with leaves each little dead breast  
Was covered by a Robin Redbreast !

But when they found them on the ground,  
Although their life had ceased,  
Quite near to Paul there lay a small  
White paper, neatly creased.  
“*Because of lack of any merit,*  
*B. Hyde,*” it ran, “*we disinherit !*”

*The Moral:* If you deeply long  
To punish one who’s done you wrong,  
Though in your lifetime fail you may,  
Where there’s a will, there is a way !

## *How Fair Cinderella Disposed of Her Shoe*



The vainest girls in forty states  
Were Gwendolyn and Gladys Gates ;  
They warbled, slightly off the air,  
Romantic German songs,  
And each of them upon her hair  
Employed the curling tongs,  
And each with ardor most intense  
Her buxom figure laced,



Until her wilful want of sense  
Procured a woeful waist :  
For bound to marry titled mates  
Were Gwendolyn and Gladys Gates.

Yet, truth to tell, the swains were few  
Of Gwendolyn (and Gladys, too).  
So morning, afternoon, and night  
Upon their sister they  
Were wont to vent their selfish spite,  
And in the rudest way :  
For though her name was Leonore,  
That 's neither there nor here,  
They called her Cinderella, for  
The kitchen was her sphere,  
Save when the hair she had to do  
Of Gwendolyn (and Gladys, too).

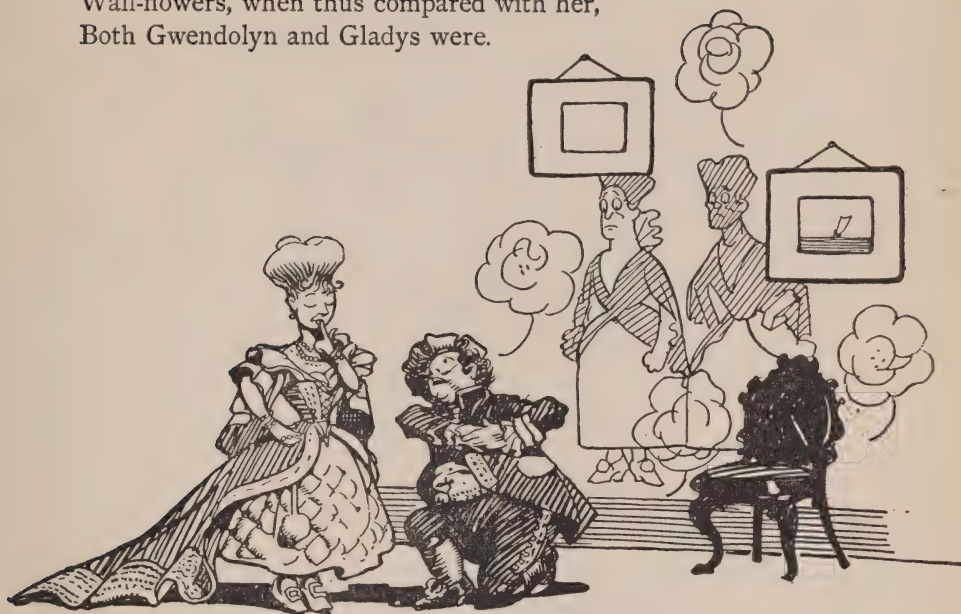


Each night to dances and to *fêtes*  
Went Gwendolyn and Gladys Gates,  
And Cinderella watched them go  
In silks and satins clad :  
A prince invited them, and so  
They put on all they had !  
But one fine night, as all alone  
She watched the flames leap higher,  
A small and stooping fairy crone  
Stept nimbly from the fire.  
Said she : "The pride upon me grates  
Of Gwendolyn and Gladys Gates."

"I 'll now," she added, with a frown,  
"Call Gwendolyn and Gladys down !"  
And, ere your fingers you could snap,  
There stood before the door  
No paltry hired horse and trap,  
Oh, no ! — a coach and four !  
And Cinderella, fitted out  
Regardless of expense,  
Made both her sisters look about  
Like thirty-seven cents !  
The prince, with one look at her gown,  
Turned Gwendolyn and Gladys down !



Wall-flowers, when thus compared with her,  
Both Gwendolyn and Gladys were.



The prince but gave them glances hard,  
No gracious word he said ;  
He scratched their names from off his card,  
And wrote hers down instead :  
And where he would bestow his hand  
He showed them in a trice  
By handing her the kisses, and  
To each of them an ice !  
In sudden need of fire and fur  
Both Gwendolyn and Gladys were.



At ten o'clock, in discontent,  
Both Gwendolyn and Gladys went.  
Their sister stayed till after two,  
And, with a joy sincere,  
The prince obtained her crystal shoe  
By way of souvenir.  
"Upon the bridal path," he cried,  
"We'll reign together! Since  
I love you, you must be my bride!"  
(He was no slouch, that prince!)  
And into sudden languishment  
Both Gwendolyn and Gladys went.

*The Moral:* All the girls on earth  
Exaggerate their proper worth.  
They think the very shoes they wear  
Are worth the average millionaire;  
Whereas few pairs in any town  
Can be half-sold for half a crown!



# *How Little Red Riding Hood Came to be Eaten*



Most worthy of praise  
Were the virtuous ways  
Of Little Red Riding Hood's Ma,  
And no one was ever  
More cautious and clever  
Than Little Red Riding Hood's Pa.  
They never misled,  
For they meant what they said,  
And would frequently say what they meant,  
And the way she should go  
They were careful to show,  
And the way that they showed her, she went.



For obedience she was effusively thanked,



And for anything else she was carefully spanked.

It thus is n't strange  
That Red Riding Hood's range  
    Of virtues so steadily grew,  
That soon she won prizes  
Of different sizes,  
    And golden encomiums, too !  
As a general rule  
She was head of her school,  
    And at six was so notably smart  
That they gave her a cheque  
For reciting "The Wreck  
    of the Hesperus," wholly by heart !  
And you all will applaud her the more, I am  
    sure,  
When I add that this money she gave to the  
    poor.

At eleven this lass  
Had a Sunday-school class,  
    At twelve wrote a volume of verse,  
At thirteen was yearning  
For glory, and learning  
    To be a professional nurse.  
To a glorious height  
The young paragon might  
    Have grown, if not nipped in the bud,



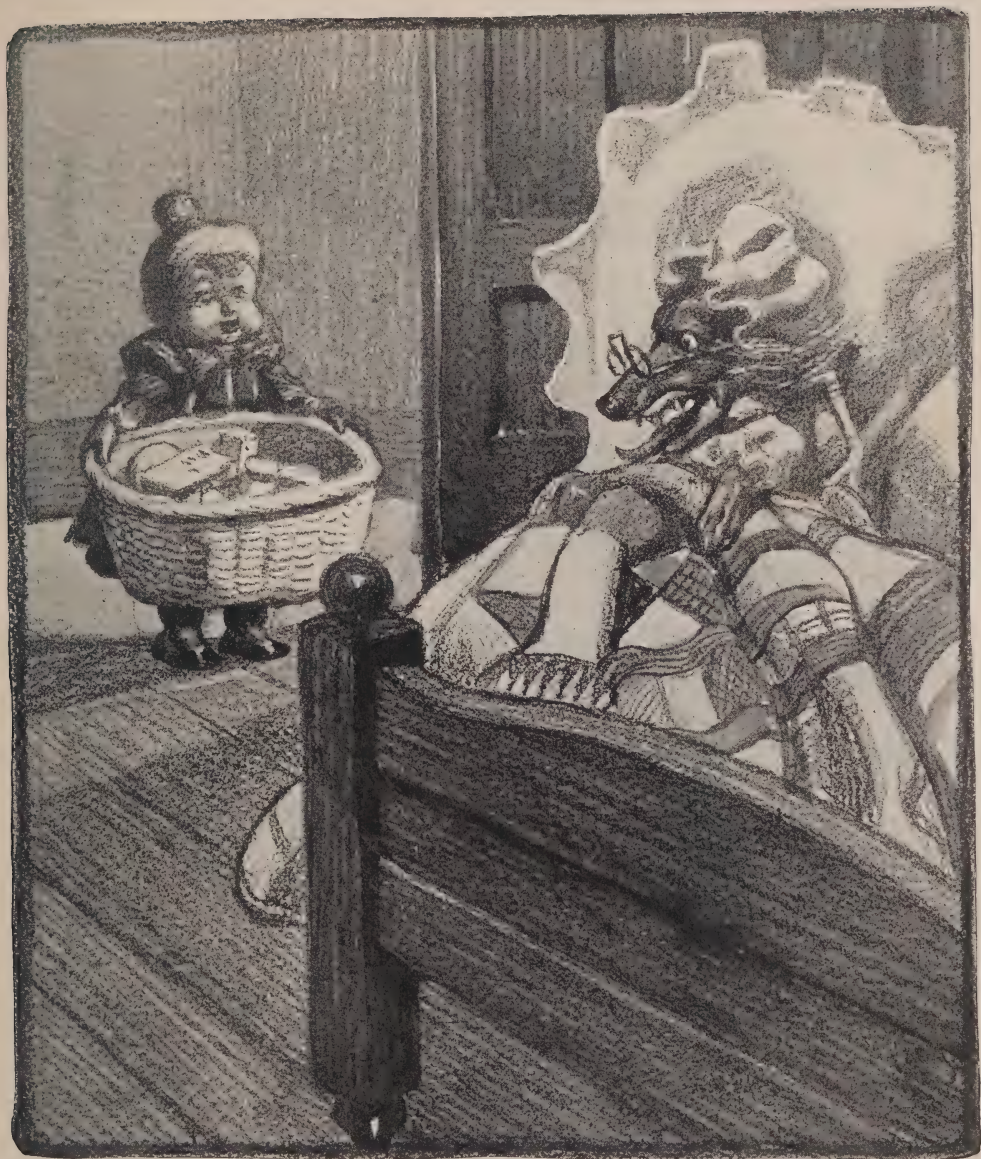
But the following year  
Struck her smiling career  
With a dull and a sickening thud !



(I have shed a great tear at the thought of her  
pain,  
And must copy my manuscript over again !)

Not dreaming of harm,  
One day on her arm  
    A basket she hung. It was filled  
With jellies, and ices,  
And gruel, and spices,  
    And chicken-legs, carefully grilled,  
And a savory stew,  
And a novel or two  
    She 'd persuaded a neighbor to loan,  
And a hot-water can,  
And a Japanese fan,  
    And a bottle of *eau-de-cologne*,  
And the rest of the things that your family fill  
Your room with, whenever you chance to be ill !

She expected to find  
Her decrepit but kind  
    Old Grandmother waiting her call,  
But the visage that met her  
Completely upset her :  
    It was n't familiar at all !  
With a whitening cheek  
She started to speak,  
    But her peril she instantly saw : —  
Her Grandma had fled,  
And she 'd tackled instead  
    Four merciless Paws and a Maw !  
When the neighbors came running, the wolf to  
    subdue,  
He was licking his chops, (and Red Riding  
    Hood's, too !)



*This shows the bad wolf that came out of the wood,  
And proved by his actions to be robbin' Hood.*





At this terrible tale  
Some readers will pale,  
And others with horror grow dumb,  
And yet it was better,  
I fear, he should get her :  
Just think what she might have become !  
For an infant so keen  
Might in future have been  
A woman of awful renown,  
Who carried on fights  
For her feminine rights



As the Mare of an Arkansas town.  
She might have continued the crime of her  
'teens,  
And come to write verse for the Big Magazines !

*The Moral:* There's nothing much glummer  
Than children whose talents appall :  
One much prefers those who are dumber,  
But as for the paragons small,  
If a swallow cannot make a summer  
It can bring on a summary fall !



## *How the Fatuous Wish of a Peasant Came True*



An excellent peasant,  
Of character pleasant,  
Once lived in a hut with his wife.  
He was cheerful and docile,  
But such an old fossil  
You would n't meet twice in your life.  
His notions were all without reason or rhyme,  
Such dullness in any one else were a crime,  
But the folly pig-headed  
To which he was wedded  
Was so deep imbedded,  
it touched the sublime !



He frequently stated  
Such quite antiquated  
And singular doctrines as these :  
*"Do good unto others !  
All men are your brothers !"*  
(Of course he forgot the Chinese !)  
He said that all men were made equal and free,  
(That 's true if they 're born on *our* side of the  
sea !)  
That truth should be spoken,  
And pledges unbroken :  
(Now where, by that token,  
would most of us be ?)

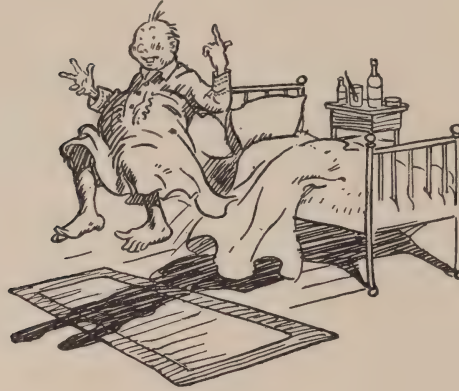




One day, as his pottage  
He ate in his cottage,  
    A fairy stepped up to the door ;  
Upon it she hammered,  
And meekly she stammered :  
    “A morsel of food I implore.”  
He gave her sardines, and a biscuit or two,  
And she said in reply, when her luncheon was  
    through,  
    “In return for these dishes  
Of bread and of fishes  
The first of your wishes  
    I’ll make to come true !”

That nincompoop peasant  
Accepted the present,  
    (As most of us probably would,)  
And, thinking her bounty  
To turn to account, he  
    Said : “ *Now* I ’ll do somebody good !  
I won’t ask a thing for myself or my wife,  
But I ’ll make all my neighbors with happiness  
    rife.  
Whate’er their conditions,  
Henceforward, physicians  
And indispositions  
    they ’re rid of for life ! ”

These words energetic  
The fairy's prophetic  
Announcement brought instantly true:



With singular quickness  
Each victim of sickness  
Was made over, better than new,  
And people who formerly thought they were  
doomed  
With almost obstreperous healthiness bloomed,  
And each had some platitude,  
Teeming with gratitude,  
For the new attitude  
life had assumed.

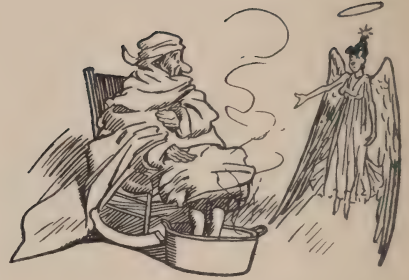


Our friend's satisfaction  
Concerning his action  
Was keen, but exceedingly brief.  
The wrathful condition  
Of every physician

In town was surpassing belief !  
Professional nurses were plunged in despair,  
And chemists shook passionate fists in the air :  
They called at his dwelling,  
With violence swelling,  
His greeting repelling  
with arrogant stare.



They beat and they battered,  
They slammed and they shattered,  
And did him such serious harm,  
That, after their labors,  
His wife told the neighbors  
They'd caused her excessive alarm!  
They then set to work on his various ills,  
And plied him with liniments, powders, and  
pills,  
And charged him so dearly  
That all of them nearly  
Made double the yearly  
amount of their bills.



*This Moral* by the tale is taught : —  
The wish is father to the thought.  
(We'd oftentimes escape the worst  
If but the thinking part came first !)

# *How Hop O' My Thumb Got Rid of an Onus*

6



A worthy couple, man and wife,  
Dragged on a discontented life :  
The reason, I should state,  
That it was destitute of joys,  
Was that they had a dozen boys  
To feed and educate,



And nothing such patience demands  
As having twelve boys on your hands !

For twenty years they tried their best  
To keep those urchins neatly dressed  
And teach them to be good,  
But so much labor it involved  
That, in the end, they both resolved  
To lose them in a wood,  
Though nothing a parent annoys  
Like heartlessly losing his boys !

So when their sons had gone to bed,  
Though bitter tears the couple shed,  
They laid their little plan.  
*"Faut b'en que ça s'fasse. Quand même,"*  
The woman said, *"J'en suis tout' blême.*  
*"Ça colle !" observed the man,*  
*"Mais ça coute, que ces gosses fichus !*  
*B'en, quoi ! Faut qu'i's soient perdus !"*

(I've quite omitted to explain  
That they were natives of Touraine ;  
I see I must translate.)  
"Of course it must be done, and still,"  
The wife remarked, "it makes me ill."  
"You bet !" replied her mate :  
"But we've both of us counted the cost,  
And the kids simply *have* to be lost !"

But, while they plotted, every word



The youngest of the urchins heard,  
And winked the other eye ;  
His height was only two feet three.  
(I might remark, in passing, he  
Was little, but O My !)  
He added : " I 'd better keep mum."  
(He was foxy, was Hop O' My Thumb !)





They took the boys into the wood,  
And lost them, as they said they should,  
And came in silence back.  
Alas for them! Hop O' My Thumb  
At every step had dropped a crumb,  
And so retraced the track.  
While the parents sat mourning their fate  
He led the boys in at the gate!

He placed his hand upon his heart,  
And said: "You think you're awful smart,  
But I have foiled you thus!"  
His parents humbly bent the knee,  
And meekly said: "H. O. M. T.,  
You're one too much for us!"  
And both of them solemnly swore  
"We won't never do so no more!"

*The Moral* is: While I do not  
Endeavor to condone the plot,  
I still maintain that one  
Should have no chance of being foiled,  
And having one's arrangements spoiled  
By one's ingenious son.  
If you turn down your children, with pain,  
Take care they don't turn up again!



## *How the Helpmate of Blue- Beard Made Free with a Door*



A maiden from the Bosphorus,  
With eyes as bright as phosphorus,  
Once wed the wealthy bailiff  
Of the caliph  
Of Kelat.  
Though diligent and zealous, he  
Became a slave to jealousy.

(Considering her beauty,



'T was his duty  
To be that !)

When business would necessitate  
A journey, he would hesitate,  
But, fearing to disgust her,  
He would trust her  
With his keys,  
Remarking to her prayerfully :  
"I beg you 'll use them carefully.  
Don't look what I deposit  
In that closet,  
If you please."

It may be mentioned, casually,  
That blue as lapis lazuli  
He dyed his hair, his lashes,  
His mustaches,  
And his beard.  
And, just because he did it, he  
Aroused his wife 's timidity :  
Her terror she dissembled,  
But she trembled  
When he neared.



*This shows how grim Blue-Beard, when bound on a bat,  
Instructed his wife on the key of a flat!*





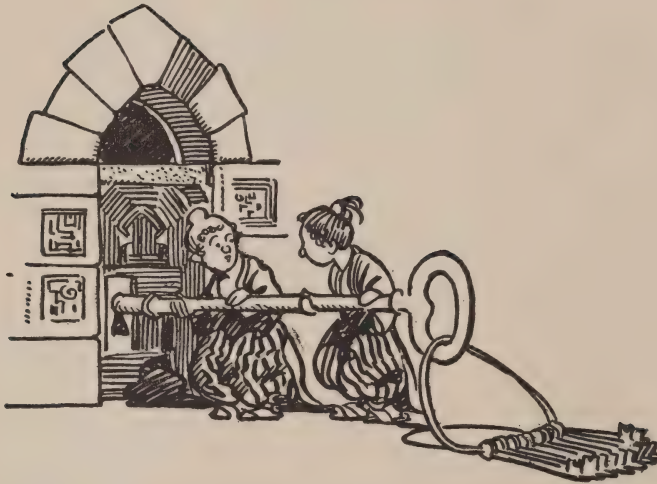
This feeling insalubrious  
Soon made her most lugubrious,  
And bitterly she missed her  
Elder sister  
Marie Anne :  
She asked if she might write her to  
Come down and spend a night or two,  
Her husband answered rightly  
And politely :  
" Yes, you can ! "

Blue-Beard, the Monday following,  
His jealous feeling swallowing,  
Packed all his clothes together  
In a leather-  
Bound valise,  
And, feigning reprehensibly,  
He started out, ostensibly  
By traveling to learn a  
Bit of Smyrna  
And of Greece.

His wife made but a cursory  
Inspection of the nursery ;  
The kitchen and the airy  
Little dairy  
Were a bore,  
As well as big or scanty rooms,  
And billiard, bath, and ante-rooms,  
But not that interdicted  
And restricted  
Little door !

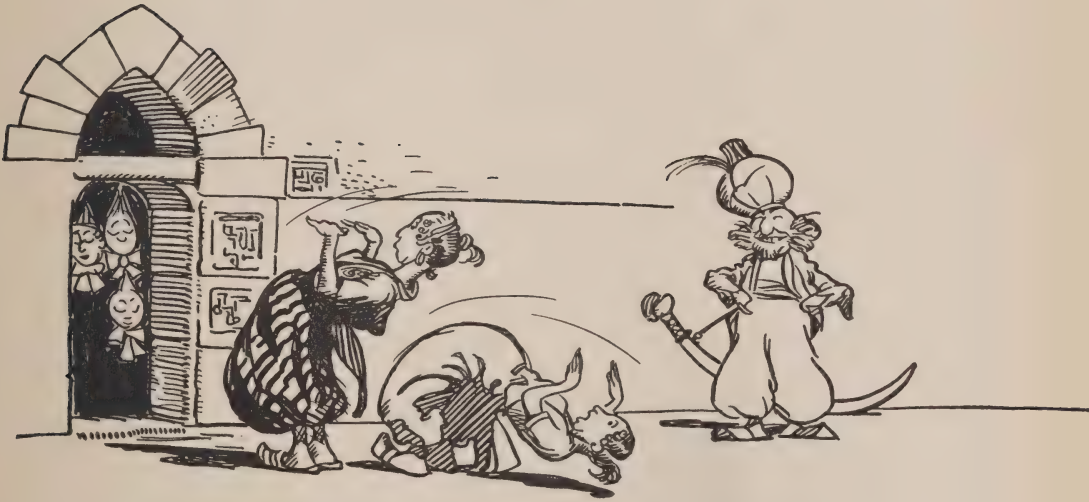


For, all her curiosity  
Awakened by the closet he  
So carefully had hidden,  
And forbidden  
Her to see,



This damsel disobedient  
Did something inexpedient,  
And in the keyhole tiny  
Turned the shiny  
Little key :

Then started back impulsively,  
And shrieked aloud convulsively —  
Three heads of girls he 'd wedded  
And beheaded  
Met her eye!



And turning round, much terrified,  
Her darkest fears were verified,  
For Blue-Beard stood behind her,  
Come to find her  
On the sly!



Perceiving she was fated to  
Be soon decapitated, too,  
    She telegraphed her brothers  
        And some others  
            What she feared.  
And Sister Anne looked out for them,  
In readiness to shout for them  
    Whenever in the distance  
        With assistance  
            They appeared.

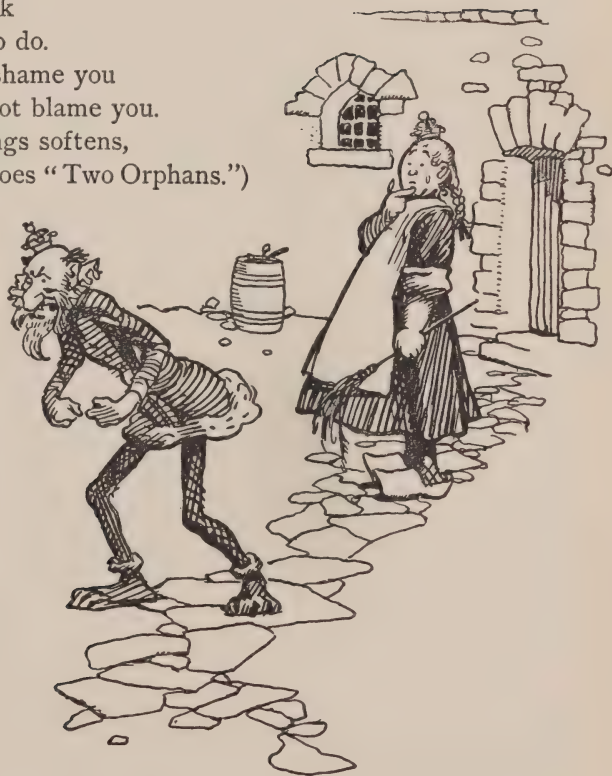
But only from her battlement  
She saw some dust that cattle meant.  
    The ordinary story  
        Is n't gory,  
            But a jest.  
But here 's the truth unqualified.  
The husband *was n't* mollified  
    Her head is in his bloody  
        Little study  
            With the rest !

*The Moral:* Wives, we must allow,  
Who to their husbands will not bow,  
A stern and dreadful lesson learn  
When, as you 've read, they 're cut in turn.

## *How Rumpelstilz Held Out in Vain for a Bonus*



In Germany there lived an earl  
Who had a charming niece :  
And never gave the timid girl  
A single moment's peace !  
Whatever low and menial task  
His fancy flitted through,  
He did not hesitate to ask  
That shrinking child to do.  
(I see with truly honest shame you  
Are blushing, and I do not blame you.  
A tale like this the feelings softens,  
And brings the tears, as does "Two Orphans.")



She had to wash the windows, and  
She had to scrub the floors,  
She had to lend a willing hand  
To fifty other chores :  
She gave the dog his exercise,  
She read the earl the news,  
She ironed all his evening ties,  
And polished all his shoes,  
She cleaned the tins that filled the dairy,  
She cut the claws of the canary,  
And then, at night, with manner winsome,  
When coal was wanted, carried in some !

But though these tasks were quite enough,  
He thought them all too few,  
And so her uncle, rude and rough,  
Invented something new.  
He took her to a little room,  
Her willingness to tax,  
And pointed out a broken loom  
And half a ton of flax,  
Observing : " Spin six pairs of trousers ! "  
His haughty manner seemed to rouse hers.  
She met his scornful glances proudly —



And for an answer whistled loudly !



But when the earl went down the stair  
She yielded to her fears.  
Gave way at last to grim despair,  
And melted into tears:  
When suddenly, from out the wall,  
As if he felt at home,  
There pounced a singularly small  
And much distorted gnome.  
He smiled a smile extremely vapid,  
And set to work in fashion rapid ;  
No time for resting he deducted,  
And soon the trousers were constructed.

The girl observed : " How very nice  
To help me out this way ! "  
The gnome replied : " A certain price  
Of course you 'll have to pay.  
I 'll call to-morrow afternoon,  
My due reward to claim,  
And then you 'll sing another tune  
Unless you guess my name ! "  
He indicated with a gesture  
The pile of newly fashioned vesture :  
His eyes on hers a moment centered,  
And then he went, as he had entered.



As by this tale you have been grieved  
 And heartily distressed,  
 Kind sir, you will be much relieved  
 To know his name she guessed :



But if I do not tell the same,  
 Pray count it not a crime : —  
 I've tried my best, and for that name  
 I can't find any rhyme !  
 Yet spare me from remarks injurious :  
 I will not leave you foiled and furious.  
 If something must proclaim the answer,  
 And I cannot, the title can, sir !

*The Moral* is : All said and done,  
There 's nothing new beneath the sun,  
And many times before, a title  
Was incapacity's requital !

# *How Jack Made the Giants Uncommonly Sore*



Of all the ill-fated  
Boys ever created

Young Jack was the wretchedest lad :  
An emphatic, erratic,  
Dogmatic fanatic

Was foisted upon him as dad !  
From the time he could walk,  
And before he could talk,

His wearisome training began,  
On a highly barbarian,  
Disciplinarian,  
Nearly Tartarean  
Plan !



He taught him some Raleigh,  
And some of Macaulay,  
Till all of "Horatius" he knew,  
And the drastic, sarcastic,  
Fantastic, scholastic  
Philippics of "Junius," too.  
He made him learn lots  
Of the poems of Watts,  
And frequently said he ignored,  
On principle, any son's  
Title to benisons  
Till he'd learned Tennyson's  
"Maud."

"For these are the giants  
Of thought and of science,"  
He said in his positive way :  
"So weigh them, obey them,  
Display them, and lay them  
To heart in your infancy's day !"  
Jack made no reply,  
But he said on the sly  
An eloquent word, that had come  
From a quite indefensible,  
Most reprehensible,  
But indispensable  
Chum.

By the time he was twenty  
Jack had such a plenty  
    Of books and paternal advice,  
Though seedy and needy,  
Indeed he was greedy  
    For vengeance, whatever the price!  
In the editor's seat  
Of a critical sheet  
    He found the revenge that he sought;  
And, with sterling appliance of  
Mind, wrote defiance of  
All of the giants of  
    Thought.

He 'd thunder and grumble  
At high and at humble  
    Until he became, in a while,  
Mordacious, pugnacious,  
Rapacious. Good gracious!  
    They called him the Yankee Carlyle!  
But he never took rest  
On his quarrelsome quest  
    Of the giants, both mighty and small.  
He slated, distorted them,  
Hanged them and quartered them,  
Till he had slaughtered them  
    All.



And this is *The Moral* that lies in the verse :  
If you have a go farther, you're apt to fare  
worse.  
(When you turn it around it is different rather : —  
You're not apt to go worse if you have a fair  
father !)



## *How Rudeness and Kindness Were Justly Rewarded*



Once on a time, long years ago  
(Just when I quite forget),  
Two maidens lived beside the Po,  
One blonde and one brunette.  
The blonde one's character was mild,  
From morning until night she smiled,  
Whereas the one whose hair was brown  
Did little else than pine and frown.

(*I think one ought to draw the line  
At girls who always frown and pine !*)

The blonde one learned to play the harp,  
Like all accomplished dames,  
And trained her voice to take *C* sharp  
As well as Emma Eames ;  
Made baskets out of scented grass,  
And paper-weights of hammered brass,  
And lots of other odds and ends  
For gentleman and lady friends.

(*I think it takes a deal of sense  
To manufacture gifts for gents !*)

The dark one wore an air of gloom,  
Proclaimed the world a bore,  
And took her breakfast in her room  
Three mornings out of four.  
With crankiness she seemed imbued,  
And everything she said was rude :  
She sniffed, and sneered, and, what is more,  
When very much provoked, she swore !  
(*I think that I could never care*  
*For any girl who 'd learned to swear !*)

One day the blonde was striding past  
A forest, all alone,  
When all at once her eyes she cast  
Upon a wrinkled crone,  
Who tottered near with shaking knees,  
And said : " A penny, if you please ! "  
And you will learn with some surprise  
This was a fairy in disguise !  
(*I think it must be hard to know*  
*A fairy who 's incognito !*)

The maiden filled her trembling palms  
With coinage of the realm.  
The fairy said : " Take back your alms !  
My heart they overwhelm.  
Henceforth at every word shall slip  
A pearl or ruby from your lip ! "  
And, when the girl got home that night, —

She found the fairy's words were right !



(I think there are not many girls  
Whose words are worth their weight in  
pearls !)



It happened that the cross brunette,  
Ten minutes later, came  
Along the self-same road, and met  
That bent and wrinkled dame,  
Who asked her humbly for a sou.  
The girl replied : " Get out with you ! "  
The fairy cried : " Each word you drop,  
A toad from out your mouth shall hop ! "  
( *I think that nothing incommodes*  
One's speech like uninvited toads ! )

And so it was, the cheerful blonde  
Lived on in joy and bliss,  
And grew pecunious, beyond  
The dreams of avarice !  
And to a nice young man was wed,  
And I have often heard it said  
No other man who ever walked  
Most loved his wife when most she talked !  
( *I think this very fact, forsooth,*  
Goes far to prove I tell the truth ! )

The cross brunette the fairy's joke  
By hook or crook survived,  
But still at every word she spoke  
An ugly toad arrived,  
Until at last she had to come  
To feigning she was wholly dumb,  
Whereat the suitors swarmed around,  
And soon a wealthy mate she found.  
(*I think nobody ever knew*  
The happier husband of the two !)

*The Moral* of the tale is : Bah !  
*Nous avons changé tout cela.*  
No clear idea I hope to strike  
Of what *your* nicest girl is like,  
But she whose best young man *I* am  
Is not an oyster, nor a clam !



*This shows why each suitor, who rode up to spark,  
Would mark the toad maybe, but ne'er toed the mark.*

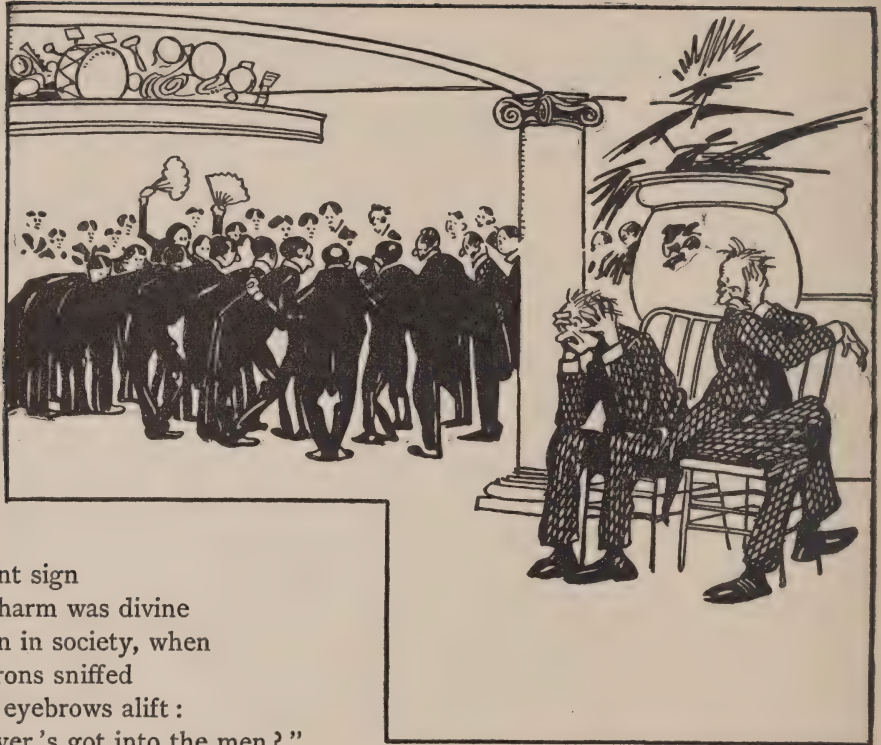


## *How Beauty Contrived to Get Square with the Beast*



Miss Guinevere Platt  
Was so beautiful that  
    She could n't remember the day  
When one of her swains  
Had n't taken the pains  
    To send her a mammoth bouquet.  
And the postman had found,  
On the whole of his round,  
    That no one received such a lot  
Of bulky epistles  
As, waiting his whistles,  
    The beautiful Guinevere got !





A significant sign  
 That her charm was divine  
     Was seen in society, when  
 The chaperons sniffed  
 With their eyebrows alift :  
     “ Whatever ’s got into the men ? ”  
 There was always a man  
 Who was holding her fan,  
     And twenty that danced in details,  
 And a couple of mourners,  
 Who brooded in corners,  
     And gnawed their mustaches and nails.

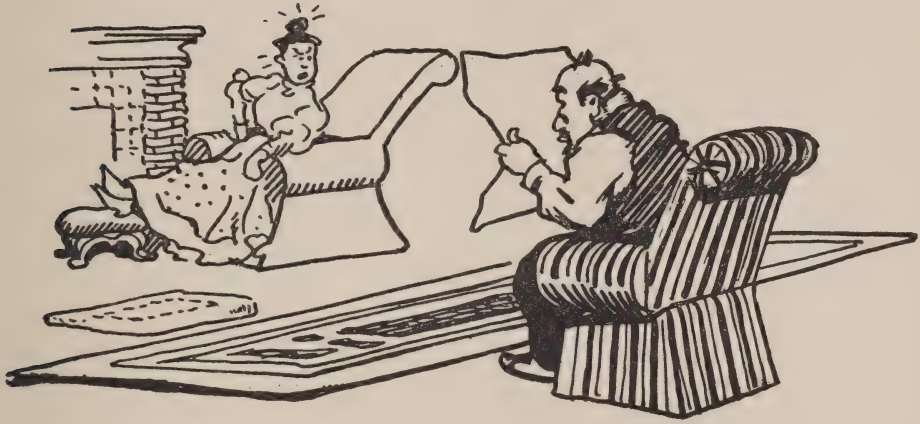
John Jeremy Platt  
Would n't stay in the flat,  
For his beautiful daughter he missed :  
When he 'd taken his tub,  
He would hie to his club,  
And dally with poker or whist.  
At the end of a year  
It was perfectly clear  
That he 'd never computed the cost,  
For he had n't a penny  
To settle the many  
Ten thousands of dollars he 'd lost !

F. Ferdinand Fife  
Was a student of life :  
He was coarse, and excessively fat,  
With a beard like a goat's,  
But he held all the notes  
Of ruined John Jeremy Platt !  
With an adamant smile  
That was brimming with guile,  
He said : "I am took with the face  
Of your beautiful daughter,  
And wed me she ought ter,  
To save you from utter disgrace !"

Miss Guinevere Platt  
Did n't hesitate at  
    Her duty's imperative call.  
When they looked at the bride  
All the chaperons cried :  
    " She is n't so bad, after all ! "  
Of the desolate men  
There were something like ten  
    Who took up political lives,  
And the flower of the flock  
Went and fell off a dock,  
    And the rest married hideous wives !



But the beautiful wife  
Of F. Ferdinand Fife  
Was the wildest that ever was known :



She'd grumble and glare,  
Till the man did n't dare  
To say that his soul was his own.  
She sneered at his ills,  
And quadrupled his bills,  
And spent nearly twice what he earned ;  
Her husband deserted,  
And frivoled, and flirted,  
Till Ferdinand's reason was turned.

He repented too late,  
And his terrible fate  
    Upon him so heavily sat,  
That he swore at the day  
When he sat down to play  
    At cards with John Jeremy Platt.  
He was dead in a year,  
And the fair Guinevere  
    In society sparkled again,  
While the chaperons fluttered  
Their fans, as they muttered :  
    “ She’s getting exceedingly plain ! ”

*The Moral :* Predicaments often are found  
That beautiful duty is apt to get round :  
But greedy extortioners better beware  
For dutiful beauty is apt to get square !





*This shows how at poker one loses his self  
When the other's a joker and knave in himself.*



# *How a Fair One no Hope to His Highness Accorded*



She has slid down the channels  
Of history's annals  
Disguised as the child of a king,  
But that is a glib  
And iniquitous fib,  
For she never was any such thing :  
They called her the Fair One  
with Golden Locks,  
And it 's true she had lovers  
who swarmed in flocks,  
But the rest is ironic ;  
Her business chronic  
Was selling hair-tonic  
By bottle and box !

From the dawn till the gloaming  
She used to sit combing  
Her hair in a languorous way.  
And her suitors would stop  
To look into the shop,  
And stand there the rest of the day.  
She filled them with mute, but  
with deep despair,  
For she never glanced up, with  
a smile, to where  
They stood about, crushing  
Each other, and blushing :  
She simply kept brushing  
Her beautiful hair.

But a prince who was passing,  
Engaged in amassing  
Some facts on American life,  
Was suddenly struck  
By the fact that his luck  
Might give him that girl for a wife !  
His rashness he did n't  
attempt to excuse,  
He entered the shop and  
he stated his views.  
Remarking,



“My jewel,  
I'm confident you will  
Not wish to be cruel  
Enough to refuse.

“Most winsome of creatures,”  
He told her, “your features  
Have led me to candidly say  
That no other beside  
Would I have for a bride :  
We ’ll be married a week from to-day !  
I belong to a long and  
a titled line,  
And the least of your wishes  
I won’t decline ;  
Next month I will usher  
My wife into Russia : —  
Sweet comber and brusher,  
Consider you ’re mine !”

She looked at him squarely,  
Considered him fairly,  
Her glance was as keen as a knife,  
Then she turned up her nose,  
And, with icy repose,  
She answered : “ Well, not on your life !  
You ’re not on the paper  
the only blot !  
Do you think I come twelve  
in a parcel — what ?  
*Me* pose as your dearie ?  
Oh, go and chase Peary !  
You ’re making me weary.  
Now git !”



(He got !)



*This shows how, with never a shadow of doubt,  
When you go in for love you are apt to come out.*



The crowd that had waited  
Outside was elated  
    So much by the prince's mischance,  
That they greeted with jeers  
And ironical cheers,  
    The end of his little romance.  
They said : "Did it hurt  
                    when the ground you hit ?"  
They searched for some mark  
                    where the prince had lit,  
And as he looked colder,  
They only grew bolder,  
And tapped on his shoulder  
    With: " Tag ! You 're It !"

The lengthy discussion  
That sensitive Russian  
    Compiled on the U. S. A.  
Was read by the maid,  
As she carelessly played  
    With her beautiful hair one day.  
"The talk you hear in that primitive land,"  
He wrote, "nobody  
                    can understand."  
"Somebody who guffed him,"  
She said, "has stuffed him,  
And easily bluffed him  
    To beat the band !"

*The Moral:* The people across the brine  
Are exceedingly strong on Auld Lang Syne,  
But they're lost in the push when they strike  
a gang  
That is strong on American new line slang!

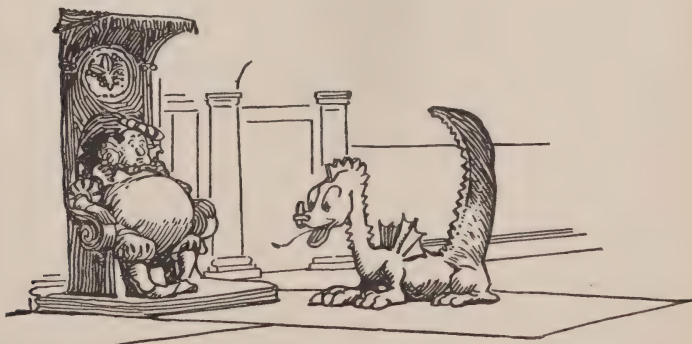




## *How Thomas a Maid from a Dragon Released*



Though Philip the Second  
Of France was reckoned  
    No coward, his breath came short  
When they told him a dragon  
As big as a wagon  
    Was waiting below in the court !  
A dragon so long, and so  
                    wide, and so fat,  
That he could n't get in at  
                    the door to chat :  
The king could n't leave him  
Outside and grieve him,  
He had to receive him  
    Upon the mat,



The dragon bowed nicely,  
And very concisely  
    He stated the reason he'd called :  
He made the disclosure  
With frigid composure.  
    King Philip was simply appalled !  
He demanded for eating,  
                    a fortnight apart,  
The monarch's ten daughters,  
                    all dear to his heart.  
"And now you 'll produce," he  
Concluded, "the juicy  
And succulent Lucie  
                    By way of start !"

King Philip was pliant,  
And far from defiant  
    — "And servile," no doubt you retort ! —  
But if *you* struck a snag on  
A bottle-green dragon,  
    Who filled up two-thirds of your court,  
And curled up his tail on  
                    your new tin roof,  
And made your piazza  
                    groan under his hoof,  
Would you threaten and thunder,  
Or just knuckle under  
Completely, I wonder,  
                    If put to proof ?



By way of a truce, he  
Brought out little Lucie  
And watched her conducted away,  
But all of the others  
Were out with their brothers !  
Thus gaining a little delay,  
He promised through heralds  
                                sent west and east,  
His crown, and his kingdom,  
                                and last, not least,  
His daughter so sightly  
To any one knightly  
Who 'd come and politely  
                                Wipe out that beast !

For love of the charmer,  
Arrayed in his armor,  
    Each suitor for glory who yearned,  
Would gallantly hasten,  
The dragon to chasten,  
    But none of them ever returned !  
When the dragon had eaten  
                    some sixteen score  
He hung up this sign on  
                    his cavern door,  
Whereat he lay pronely  
In majesty lonely :

*There's Standing Room Only  
For Three Knights More !*

A slim adolescent,  
His beard only crescent,  
    Rode up at this stage of the game  
To where the old sinner  
Lay gorged with his dinner,  
    And breathing out torrents of flame.  
He gathered a tip from  
                    the flaunting sign,  
And took his position  
                    the fourth in line,  
Until, as foreboded,  
By food incommoded,  
The dragon exploded  
                    At half-past nine.



*This shows how a servant may laugh at the Fates,  
Since everything comes to the fellow who waits.*





The king was delighted  
At first when he sighted  
The victor, but then in dismay  
Regretted his promise.

The stripling was Thomas,  
His Majesty's *valet-de-pied* !

He asked him at once :

“ Will you compromise ? ”

But Thomas looked straight  
in his master 's eyes,

And answered severely :

“ I see your game clearly,  
And scorn it sincerely.

Hand out the prize ! ”

Not long did he linger  
Before on the finger  
Of Lucie he fitted a ring :

A month or two later  
They made him dictator,

In place of the elderly king :  
He was lauded by pulpit,  
and boomed by press,

And no one had ever  
a chance to guess,

Beholding this hero  
Who ruled like a Nero,  
His valor was zero,  
or something less.

*The Moral* : And still from Nice to Calais  
Discretion 's the better part of —

— *valets !*

## *How a Beauty was Waked and Her Suitor was Suited*



Albeit wholly penniless,  
Prince Charming was n't any less  
    Conceited than a Croesus  
            or a modern millionaire :  
Though often in necessity,  
No one would ever guess it. He  
    Was candidly insolvent,  
            and he frankly did n't care !  
Of the many debts he made  
Not a one was ever paid,  
    But no one ever pressed him  
            to refund the borrowed gold :  
While he recklessly kept spending,  
People gladly kept on lending,  
    For the fact they knew a title  
            Was requital  
            Twenty-fold !  
(He lived in sixteen sixty-three,  
    This smooth unblushing article,  
Since when, as far as I can see,  
    Men have n't changed a particle !)

In Charming's principality  
There was a wild locality,  
    Composed of sombre forest,  
                    and of steep and frowning crags,  
Of pheasant and of rabbit, too ;  
And here it was his habit to  
    Go hunting with his courtiers  
                    in the keen pursuit of stags.  
But the charger that he rode  
So mercurially strode  
    That the prince on one occasion  
                    left the others in the lurch,  
And the falling darkness found him,  
With no vassals left around him,  
    Near a building like an abbey,  
                    Or a shabby  
                    Ruined church.  
His Highness said : "I'll ring the bell  
    And stay till morning in it !" (He  
Took Hobson's choice, for no hotel  
    There was in the vicinity.)



His ringing was so vehement  
That any one could see he meant  
    To suffer no refusal, but,  
                in spite of all the din,  
There was no answer audible,  
And so, with courage laudable,  
    His Royal Highness turned the knob,  
                and stoutly entered in.  
Then he strode across the court,  
But he suddenly stopped short  
    When he passed within the castle  
                by a massive oaken door :  
There were courtiers without number,  
But they all were plunged in slumber,  
    The prince's ear delighting  
                By uniting  
                In a snore.  
The prince remarked : "This must be Phil-  
                adelphia, Pennsylvania !"  
(And so was born the jest that 's still  
    The comic journal's mania !)

With torpor reprehensible,  
Numb, comatose, insensible,  
    The flunkeys and the chamberlains  
        all slumbered like the dead,  
And snored so loud and mournfully,  
That Charming passed them scornfully  
    And came to where a princess  
        lay asleep upon a bed.  
She was so extremely fair  
That His Highness did n't care  
    For the risk, and so he kissed her  
        ere a single word he spoke : —  
In a jiffy maids and pages,  
Ushers, lackeys, squires, and sages,  
    As fresh as if they 'd been at least  
        A week awake,



*This shows how the prince won the princess's heart,  
And the end of her sleeping was simply a start.*





Awoke,  
And hastened, bustled, dashed and ran  
Up stairways and through galleries :  
In brief, they one and all began  
Again to earn their salaries !



Aroused from her paralysis,  
As if in deep analysis  
    Of him who had awakened her,  
        the princess met his eye :  
Her glance at first was critical,  
And sternly analytical.  
    And then she dropped her lashes  
        and she gave a little sigh.  
As he watched her, wholly dumb,  
She observed : " You doubtless come  
    For one of two good reasons,  
        and I 'm going to ask you which.  
Do you mean my house to harry,  
Or do you propose to marry ? "  
    He answered : " I may rue it,  
        But I 'll do it,  
            If you 're rich ! "  
The princess murmured with a smile :  
    " I 've millions, at the least, to come ! "  
The prince cried : " Please excuse me, while  
    I go and get the priest to come ! "

*The Moral :* When affairs go ill  
The sleeping partner foots the bill.



## *How Jack Found that Beans May go Back on a Chap*



Without the slightest basis  
For hypochondriasis  
    A widow had forebodings  
        which a cloud around her flung,  
And with expression cynical  
For half the day a clinical  
    Thermometer she held  
        beneath her tongue.

Whene'er she read the papers  
She suffered from the vapors,  
    At every tale of malady  
        or accident she'd groan ;  
In every new and smart disease,  
From housemaid's knee to heart disease,  
    She recognized the symptoms  
        as her own !

She had a yearning chronic  
To try each novel tonic,  
    Elixir, panacea, lotion,  
        opiate, and balm ;  
And from a homœopathist  
Would change to an hydropathist,  
    And back again,  
        with stupefying calm !



The closets of her villa  
Were full of sarsaparilla,  
    Ammonia, digitalis,  
        bronchial troches, soda mint.  
Restoratives hirsutical,  
And soaps to clean the cuticle,  
    And iodine, and  
        peptonoids, and lint.

She was nervous, cataleptic,  
And anemic, and dyspeptic :  
    Though not convinced of apoplexy,  
        yet she had her fears.  
She dwelt with force fanatical  
Upon a twinge rheumatical,  
    And said she had a  
        buzzing in her ears !

Now all of this bemoaning  
And this grumbling and this groaning  
The mind of Jack, her son and heir,  
unconscionably bored.  
His heart completely hardening,  
He gave his time to gardening,  
For raising beans was  
something he adored.



Each hour in accents morbid  
This limp maternal bore bid  
    Her callous son affectionate  
                    and lachrymose good-bys.  
She never granted Jack a day  
Without some long "Alackaday!"  
    Accompanied by  
                    rolling of the eyes.

But Jack, no panic showing,  
Just watched his beanstalk growing,  
    And twined with tender fingers  
                    the tendrils up the pole.  
At all her words funereal  
He smiled a smile ethereal,  
    Or sighed an absent-minded  
                    "Bless my soul!"

That hollow-hearted creature  
Would never change a feature :  
    No tear bedimmed his eye, however  
        touching was her talk.  
She never fussed or flurried him,  
The only thing that worried him  
    Was when no bean-pods  
        grew upon the stalk !

But then he wobbled loosely  
His head, and wept profusely,  
    And, taking out his handkerchief  
        to mop away his tears,  
Exclaimed : " It has n't got any ! "  
He found this blow to botany  
    Was sadder than were all  
        his mother's fears.

*The Moral* is that gardeners pine  
Whene'er no pods adorn the vine.  
Of all sad words experience gleans  
The saddest are : " It *might* have beans."

(I did not make this up myself :  
'T was in a book upon my shelf.  
It's witty, but I don't deny  
It's rather Whittier than I !)





## *How a Cat Was Annoyed and a Poet Was Booted*



A poet had a cat.  
There is nothing odd in that —  
    (I *might* make a little pun about the *Mews*!)  
But what is really more  
Remarkable, she wore  
    A pair of pointed patent-leather shoes.  
    And I doubt me greatly whether  
        E'er you heard the like of that :  
    Pointed shoes of patent-leather  
        On a cat !



His time he used to pass  
Writing sonnets, on the grass —  
    (I *might* say something good on *pen* and  
        *sward* !)  
While the cat sat near at hand,  
Trying hard to understand  
The poems he occasionally roared.  
    (I myself possess a feline,  
        But when poetry I roar  
He is sure to make a bee-line  
        For the door.)

The poet, cent by cent,  
All his patrimony spent —  
    (I *might* tell how he went from *verse* to  
        *verse* !)  
Till the cat was sure she could,  
By advising, do him good.  
    So addressed him in a manner that was  
        terse :  
    “ We are bound toward the scuppers,  
        And the time has come to act,  
    Or we ’ll both be on our uppers  
        For a fact ! ”

On her boot she fixed her eye,  
But the boot made no reply —  
    (I *might* say : “ Could n’t speak to save its  
        *sole* ! ”)  
And the foolish bard, instead  
Of responding, only read  
    A verse that was n’t bad upon the whole :  
        And it pleased the cat so greatly,  
        Though she knew not what it meant,  
        That I ’ll quote approximately  
            How it went : —

“ If I should live to be  
The last leaf upon the tree ” —  
    (I *might* put in : “ I think I ’d just as *leaf* ! ”)  
“ Let them smile, as I do now,  
At the old forsaken bough ” —  
    Well, he ’d plagiarized it bodily, in brief !  
        But that cat of simple breeding  
        Could n’t read the lines between,  
        So she took it to a leading  
            Magazine.



She was jarred and very sore  
When they showed her to the door.  
(*I might hit off the door that was a jar !*)  
To the spot she swift returned  
Where the poet sighed and yearned,  
And she told him that he'd gone a little  
far.  
"Your performance with this rhyme has  
Made me absolutely sick,"  
She remarked. "I think the time has  
Come to kick !"



I could fill up half the page  
With descriptions of her rage —  
(I *might* say that she went a bit *too fur* !)  
When he smiled and murmured : “ Shoo ! ”  
“ There is one thing I can do ! ”  
She answered with a wrathful kind of purr.  
“ You may shoo me, and it suit you,  
But I feel my conscience bid  
Me, as tit for tat, to boot you ! ”  
(Which she did.)



*The Moral* of the plot

(Though I say it, as should not !)

Is : An editor is difficult to suit.

But again there 're other times

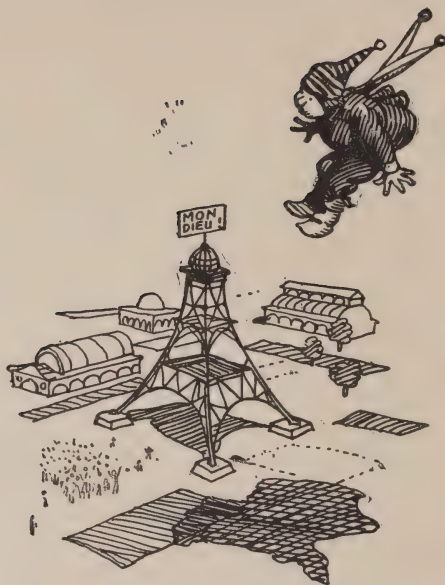
When the man who fashions rhymes

Is a rascal, and a bully one to boot !

*How Much Fortunatus Could  
Do with a Cap*



Fortunatus, a fisherman Dane,  
Set out on a sudden for Spain,  
Because, runs the story,  
He 'd met with a hoary  
Mysterious sorcerer chap,  
Who, trouble to save him,  
Most thoughtfully gave him  
A magical traveling cap.  
I barely believe that the story is true,  
But here 's what that cap was reported to do.



Suppose you were sitting at home,  
And you wished to see Paris or Rome,  
You 'd pick up that bonnet,  
You 'd carefully don it,  
The name of the city you 'd call,  
And the very next minute  
By Jove, you were in it,  
Without having started at all !  
One moment you sauntered on upper Broad-  
way,  
And the next on the Corso or rue de la Paix !





*This shows Fortunatus, a restlessness feeling,  
Forsaking his fishing, and leaving his ceiling.*



Why, it beat every journey of Cook's,  
Knocked spots out of Baedeker's books !  
He stepped from his doorway  
Direct into Norway,  
He hopped in a trice to Ceylon,  
He saw Madagascar,  
Went round by Alaska,  
And called on a girl in Luzon :  
If they said she'd be down in a moment or  
two,  
He took, while he waited, a peek at Peru !

He could wake up at eight in Siam,  
Take his tub, if he wanted, in Guam.  
Eat breakfast in Kansas,  
And lunch in Matanzas,  
Go out for a walk in Brazil,  
Take tea in Madeira,

Dine on the Riviera,



And smoke his cigar in Seville,  
Go out to the theatre in Vladivostok,  
And retire in New York at eleven o'clock !

Every tongue he could readily speak :  
French, German, Italian, Greek,  
Norwegian, Bulgarian,  
Turkish, Bavarian,  
Japanese, Hindustanee,  
Russian and Mexican !  
He was a lexicon,  
Such as you seldom will see.  
His knowledge linguistic gave Ollendorff fits,  
And brought a hot flush to the face of Berlitz !

He would bow in an intimate way  
To Menelik and to Loubet,  
He was frequently beckoned,  
By William the Second,  
A word of advice to receive,  
He talked with bravado  
About the Mikado,

King Oscar, Oom Paul, the Khedive,  
King Victor Emmanuel Second, the Shah,  
King Edward the Seventh, Kwang Su, and the  
Czar !



But what did he get from it all?  
 His wife used to wait in the hall!  
 When this wandering mortal  
 Set foot on the portal,  
 She always appeared on the scene,  
 And, far from ideally,  
 Remarked: "Well, I *really*  
 Would like to know where you have  
 been!"



Now what is the good of a wandering life,  
 If you have to tell all that you do to your  
 wife?

She'd indulge in a copious cry,  
 She'd remark she'd undoubtedly die,  
 Or, like many another,  
 Go back to her mother,  
 And what would the world think of *that*?  
 She only grew pleasant,  
 When offered a present  
 Of gloves or a gown or a hat:  
 And more than his talisman saved him in fare  
 Fortunatus expended in putting things square!

And *The Moral* is easily said:  
 Like our hero, you're certain to find,  
 When such a cap goes on a head,  
 Retribution will follow behind!



## *How a Princess Was Wooed from Habitual Sadness*



In days of old the King of Saxe  
Had singular opinions,  
For with a weighty battle-axe  
He brutalized his minions,  
And, when he 'd nothing to employ  
His mind, he chose a village,  
And with an air of savage joy  
Delivered it to pillage.

But what aroused within his breast  
A rage well-nigh primeval  
Was, most of all, his daughter, dressed  
In fashion mediæval :  
The gowns that pleased this maiden's eye  
Were simple as Utopia,  
And for a hat she had a high  
Inverted cornucopia.

In all her life she 'd never smiled,  
Her sadness was abysmal :  
The boisterous monarch found his child  
Unutterably dismal.  
He therefore said the prince who made  
Her laughter from its shell come,  
Besides in ducats being paid,  
Might wed the girl, and welcome !

I ought to say, ere I forget,  
She was uncommon comely —  
(Who ever read a Grimm tale yet,  
In which the girl was homely ? )  
And so the King's announcement drew  
Nine princes in a column.  
But all in vain. The princess grew,  
If anything, more solemn.



One read her "Innocents Abroad,"  
The next wore clothes eccentric,  
The third one swallowed half his sword,  
As in the circus-tent trick.  
Thus eight of them into her cool  
Reserve but deeper shoved her :  
There was but one authentic fool —  
The prince who really loved her !



He 'd alternate between the height  
Of hope and deep abasement,  
He caught distressing colds at night,  
By watching 'neath her casement :  
He did what I have done, I know,  
And you, I do not doubt it, —  
Instead of bottling up his woe,  
He bored his friends about it !

In brooding on the ways of Fate  
Long hours he daily wasted,  
His food remained upon his plate,  
'T was scarcely touched or tasted :  
He said the bitter things of love,  
All lovers, save a few, say,  
And learned by heart the verses of  
Swinburne, and A. de Musset !



This attitude his wished-for bride  
To silent laughter goaded,  
Until he talked of suicide,  
And then the girl exploded !  
“ You make me laugh, and so,” she said,  
“ I ’ll marry you next season.”  
(Not half the people who are wed  
Have half so good a reason !)

*The Moral:* The deliberate clown  
Can never beat love's barriers down :  
'T is better to be like the owl,  
Comic because so grave a fowl.  
From him we well may take our cue —  
By him be taught, to wit, to woo !



## *How a Girl was too Reckless of Grammar by Far*



Matilda Maud Mackenzie  
                    frankly had n't any chin,  
Her hands were rough, her feet she  
                    turned invariably in ;  
Her general form was German,  
By which I mean that you  
Her waist could not determine  
To within a foot or two :  
And not only did she stammer,  
But she used the kind of grammar  
That is called, for sake of euphony, askew.

From what I say about her,  
                    don't imagine I desire  
A prejudice against this  
                    worthy creature to inspire.  
She was willing, she was active,  
She was sober, she was kind,  
But she *never* looked attractive  
And she *had n't* any mind !  
I knew her more than slightly,  
And I treated her politely  
When I met her, but of course I was n't  
blind !

Matilda Maud Mackenzie  
                  had a habit that was droll,  
She spent her morning seated  
                  on a rock or on a knoll,

And threw with much composure  
A smallish rubber ball  
At an inoffensive osier  
By a little waterfall ;

But Matilda's way of throwing  
Was like other people's mowing,  
And she never hit the willow-tree at all !



*This serves in' the easiest way to explain  
What is meant by taking an aim in vain.*





One day as Miss Mackenzie  
with uncommon ardor tried  
To hit the mark, the missile  
flew exceptionally wide,  
And, before her eyes astounded,  
On a fallen maple's trunk  
Ricochetted, and rebounded  
In the rivulet, and sunk !  
Matilda, greatly frightened,  
In her grammar unenlightened,  
Remarked : " Well now I ast yer ! Who 'd  
'er thunk ? "



But what a marvel followed !  
From the pool at once there rose  
A frog, the sphere of rubber  
balanced deftly on his nose.  
He beheld her fright and frenzy,  
And, her panic to dispel,  
On his knee by Miss Mackenzie  
He obsequiously fell.  
With quite as much decorum  
As a speaker in a forum  
He started in his history to tell.

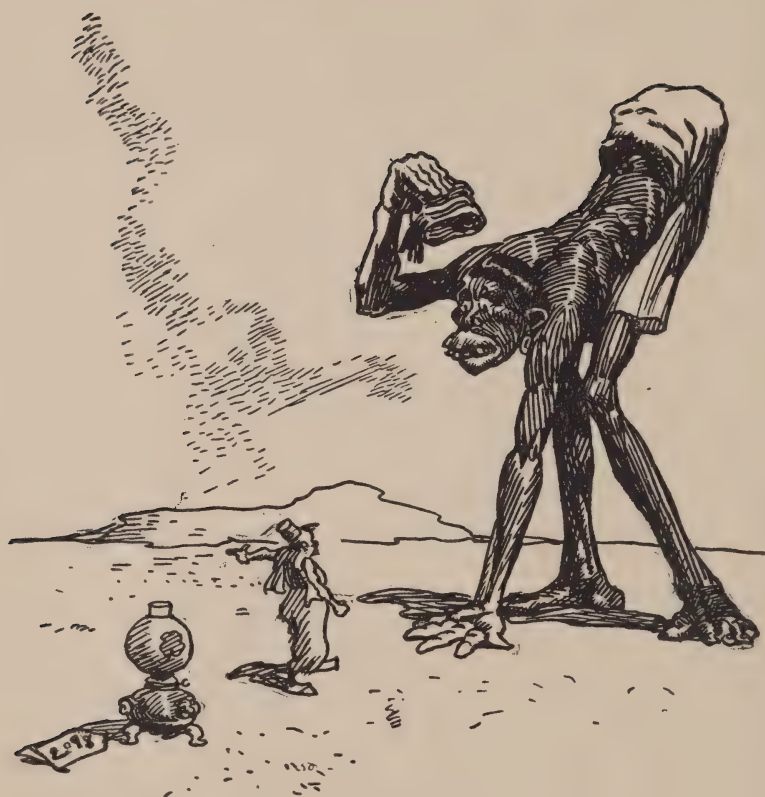
“Fair maid,” he said, “I beg you,  
do not hesitate or wince,  
If you ’ll promise that you ’ll wed me,  
I ’ll at once become a prince ;  
For a fairy old and vicious  
An enchantment round me spun ! ”  
Then he looked up, unsuspecting,  
And he saw what he had won,  
And in terms of sad reproach he  
Made some comments, *sotto voce*.\*

\* (Which the publishers have bidden me to shun !)

Matilda Maud Mackenzie  
said, as if she meant to scold :  
“ I *never* ! Why, you forward thing !  
Now ain't you awful bold ! ”  
Just a glance he paused to give her,  
And his head was seen to clutch,  
Then he darted to the river,  
And he dived to beat the Dutch !  
While the wrathful maiden panted :  
“ I don't think he was enchanted ! ”  
( And he really did n't look it overmuch ! )



*The Moral :* In one's language one conserva-  
tive should be :  
Speech is silver, and it never should be free !



## *How the Peaceful Aladdin Gave Way to His Madness*



His name was Aladdin.  
The clothes he was clad in  
    Proclaimed him an Arab at sight,  
And he had for a chum  
An uncommonly rum  
    Old afreet, six cubits in height.  
This person infernal,  
Who seemed so fraternal,  
    At bottom was frankly a scamp :  
His future to sadden,  
He gave to Aladdin  
    A wonderful magical lamp.

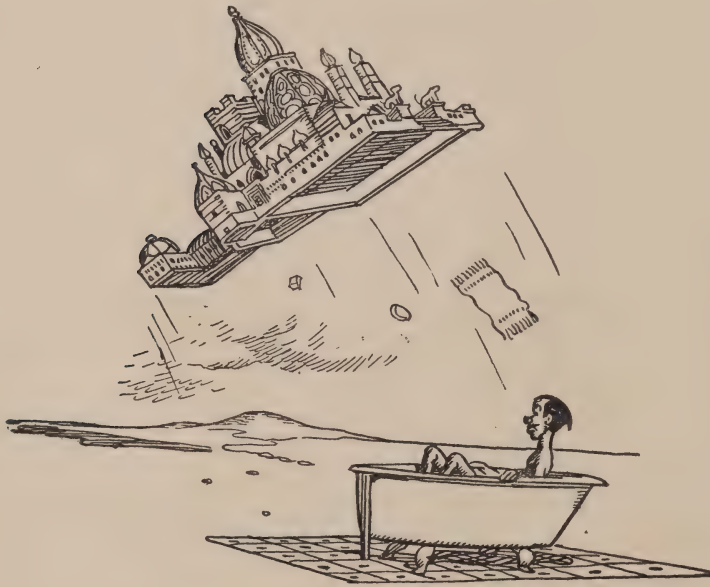
A marvel he dubbed it.  
He said if one rubbed it  
    One's wishes were done on the spot.  
Now what would you do  
Were it offered to you?  
    Refuse it undoubtedly (not) !  
It's thus comprehensive  
With pleasure extensive  
    Aladdin accepted the gift,  
And, by it befriended,  
Erected a splendid  
    Château, with a bath and a lift !



Not dreaming of malice,  
One year in his palace  
    He led a luxurious life,  
Till his genius dread  
Put it into his head  
    That he needed a beautiful wife.  
Responding to friction,  
The lamp this affliction  
    At once for Aladdin secured ;  
The latter, delighted,  
Imagined he sighted  
    A future of quiet assured.

When gladly he chose her,  
He did n't suppose her  
    A philatelist, always agape  
For novelties, yet  
She had all of the set  
    Of triangular stamps of the Cape.  
Some people malicious  
Proclaimed her Mauritius  
    One-penny vermilion a sell.  
But that was all rot. It  
Was true she had got it,  
    And the tuppenny blue one as well !

Since thus she collected,  
As might be expected,  
She did n't for *bric-à-brac* care,  
So she traded the lamp  
For an Ecuador stamp  
That somebody told her was rare !  
This act served to madden  
The mind of Aladdin,  
But, 'spite of his impotent wrath,  
His manor-house vanished,  
To nothingness banished,



And while he was taking a bath !

The average Arab  
Is hard as a scarab  
When some one has wounded his pride,  
So he jumped up and down,  
With a cynical frown,  
On the *face* of his beautiful bride !  
He had picked up a cargo  
Of curious *argot*  
While living in Paris the gay ;  
In the slang of that city  
He cried without pity :  
“ *Comme ça tu me fich’ras la paix !*”



*The Moral :* When stamps you're adept on  
Of risks you are reckless, and yet  
Beware ! If your face is once stepped on,  
That's the last stamp you're likely to get !

## *How a Fisherman Corked up His Foe in a Jar*



A fisherman lived on the shore,  
(It's a habit that fishers affect,)  
And his life was a hideous bore :  
He had nothing to do but collect  
Continual harvests of seaweed and shells,



Which he stuck upon photograph frames,  
To sell to the guests in the summer hotels  
With the quite inappropriate names !

He would wander along by the edge  
Of the sea, and I know for a fact  
From the pools with a portable dredge  
He would curious creatures extract :  
And, during the season, he always took lots  
Of tourists out fishing for bass,  
And showed them politely impossible spots,  
In the culpable way of his class.

It happened one day, as afar  
He roved on the glistening strand,  
That he chanced on a curious jar,  
Which lay on a hummock of sand.



It was closed at the mouth with a cork and a  
seal,  
And over the top there was tied  
A cloth, and the fisherman could n't but feel  
That he ought to see what was inside.





*This shows us the fisher beginning to blow  
Of preserving himself while he pickled his foe.*



But what were his fear and surprise  
When the stopper he held in his hand !  
For a genie of singular size  
Appeared in a trice on the sand,  
Who said in the roughest and rudest of tones :  
" A monster you 've foolishly freed !  
I shall simply make way with you, body and  
bones,  
And that with phenomenal speed ! "

The fisherman looked in his face,  
And answered him boldly : " My friend,  
How you ever were packed in that space  
Is something I don't comprehend.  
Pray do me the favor to show me how you  
Can do it, as large as you are."  
The genie retorted : " That 's just what I 'll  
do ! "  
And promptly reëntered the jar.

The fisherman corked him up tight :  
The genie protested and raved,  
But for all he accomplished, he might  
As well all his shouting have saved.  
And, whenever a generous bonus is paid,  
The fisherman willingly tells  
The singular tale of this trick that he played,  
To the guests in the summer hotels.

*The Moral* : When fortune you strike,  
And you 've slipped through a dangerous  
crack,  
Get as forward as ever you like,  
But never, oh, *never* get back !

## *Envoi*



Now don't go and say you 'd a dim	And if, by repeating, I took
Idea of these stories before,	Your time, I will candidly vow
For I 've frankly confessed them from Grimm,	<i>This</i> moral (the last in the book)
The monarch of magical lore :	Has never been published till now !

*The Moral:* The skeleton's Grimm,  
But I have supplied the apparel,  
So it's fifty per cent. of it Him,  
And it's fifty per cent. of it Carryl.  
But still (from the personal severing,  
For it is n't my nature to grump,)  
I acknowledge a measure of Levering  
Levering-ed the whole of the lump !







**The Riverside Press**

*Electrotyped and printed by H. O. Houghton & Co.  
Cambridge, Mass., U. S. A.*









BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY



3 9999 10225 917 1





